

How I Got Mixed In a Love Affair.

(Original.)

May heaven keep me from getting mixed in other people's affairs, especially love affairs! Ever since I brought Len Richmond down on a visit and introduced him to my cousin, Myra Doherty, I have regretted having done so. Len is an excellent fellow, rather inclined to look upon every incident or episode seriously and in a matter of fact light. I would as soon think of cracking a joke to an owl. Myra is a good girl, but nature did not endow her with average beauty. Indeed, she is homely.

I lost my parents early and was brought up by my aunt, Eliza Doherty, being beholden to her and her family for everything I had till I came of age. Therefore when I brought Richmond home and saw what were at least to me unmistakable signs that Myra had fallen in love with him and that he was not likely to return her devotion I felt as if I had committed a crime. True, there was nothing against her but her homeliness, for she was a fine character and had a winning way with her. Len, too, was not handsome. He was a lean, red-headed, freckled chap, with a long neck and sloping shoulders. But nobody looks for beauty in a man.

He was conspicuous as a mule. One day he came to me with a long face and said he wished to consult me about a very important matter. We were sitting on the porch, the doors and windows all open, and he spoke in a low tone. He told me that he had reason to suspect that I considered a foregone conclusion, that he had unintentionally won Myra's heart and that he could not possibly return that love for the sole reason of her homeliness.

What was I to do? The only course for me was to convince him that his reason was to reason at all. Then if his inclination moved him toward the girl all would come out right.

"Len," I said, "I have heard that the best marriages follow from diversities between the man and the woman. A quick tempered woman should have a long suffering husband, an impulsive man a woman of self control, a homely wife"—I paused. Dare I utter the thought I had in mind? Then I blurted, "A good looking husband."

Len said nothing for several minutes. Nor did I. I was waiting to see if he would swallow the dose.

"You mean," he said modestly, "that I should not marry a beautiful woman?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

Then he cut me to the quick. "I have always felt perfect confidence," he said, "that anything coming from you is absolute truth. No other being could make me believe that I am anything more so to look than an average man."

I winced, but the happiness of two people was at stake.

"Average!" I said. "Average by no means expresses it." I took conscious comfort in the fact that his appearance was far below the average.

Len intimated to me that my cousin's homeliness should not stand in his way if he felt inclined to make her his wife. He did not speak to her, however, at the time, and I fancied he was waiting for the spirit to move him. He came down again in a month and made his proposal. He came to me immediately after having done so and surprised me by telling me that he had been refused.

"And what do you suppose," he added, "is her reason?"

"I can't conceive," I replied.

"She says that I have every requirement to please her fancy save one. I begged her to tell me what that one deficiency is, and she at last said that she had always fancied homely men. I wouldn't do."

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed, agitated.

"Yes, and she added: 'Now, there's my cousin. For looks he'd suit me exactly.'"

The hot blood rushed into my cheeks, then suddenly rushed out again. Then I wanted to laugh. It didn't take me long to discover a reason for this singular apparent coincidence. While Len and I had been talking on the porch the mix had been listening at an upper window.

Richmond stood looking at me ruefully, giving no evidence whatever that he had even the faintest glimpse of the truth.

"Len," I said, "if I were you I'd go home and think no more about it. After all, it would be rather hard for you to pass your life with a homely woman. Besides, everybody nowadays says that marriage is a failure. It doubles our sorrows and halves our joys."

I didn't succeed in getting any comfort into him, but he went home all the same, and I turned my attention to Myra.

I am one of the fellows who marched up San Juan hill in Cuba, but it was nothing to going to my cousin to try to undo what I had done. For every word I spoke she sent back an answer like a Mauser bullet. At last, losing my temper, I said:

"You'd better take me. You say I'm homely enough to suit you."

What did she do but turn her head away from me and stare at the floor.

Great heavens! Had I been talking up the wrong tree? Had she been using Richmond for a foil? Anyway, here was a beautiful broad road out of the dilemma. I brought up a regiment of Cupids and poured a rattling volley of love pellets at her that broke her down entirely.

And now I am engaged. I wonder what the diabolical I'm to say to my friend Richmond. And what about marriage doubling our sorrows and halving our joys?

HUNTER HALSEY.

Marie Antoinette.

A small round bathtub invented for the use of Marie Antoinette will bear her name. The duchessness used in her bath a decoction of wild thyme and marjoram, to which was added sea salt.

HAD REFUSED OFFER OF AID

Henry George Died, Unattended in Randolph

OF TUBERCULAR DISEASE

To All Profilers of Assistance Made Just Before His Death, Henry George of Randolph Had Said No—Funeral Was Held To-day.

Randolph, Feb. 24.—Henry George, a man somewhat past fifty years, died at about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning of tubercular disease, from which he had been a sufferer for some time, at the boardinghouse of George Osgood in what is known as the Steele house on Weston street. It was only a short time before his death that friends called to see if any assistance could be given, which he refused, and he was left alone in his room.

About ten o'clock Mrs. Osgood went up to see if anything could be done and found him in a dying state. She at once summoned some one passing on the street, but it was of no avail, death coming at once. His brother from Richmond arrived only about an hour after his death.

Depressed had boarded in town most of the time for the past few years and lived in the family of his brother before his death. He had been married, his wife having died some years ago. He was a member of the Odd Fellows organization and a Mason and his funeral was under the direction of the Masonic fraternity at the Baptist church this forenoon at 10 o'clock, the Rev. Bradshaw officiating.

RANDOLPH.

James Collins and Miss Grace Wyman Quietly Married.

A quiet marriage was solemnized on Saturday afternoon about half past one at the home of Dr. Cooper, who performed the ceremony, when Miss Grace Wyman and James Collins of Bethel were married. Mrs. May Wayman Worth, the brother of the bride, was present at the ceremony. The bride is well known in Randolph, she having lived here considerable of the time in the last few years, although at present was out of town; and the groom is a young man whose business is a granite cutter, employed at Bethel. The happy couple returned, where they had a home in readiness to occupy, and they will at once go to housekeeping.

Harold Anderson returned to Boston after a visit of a week or more with relatives here.

Miss Ida Elliot arrived from Boston on Friday night for a short visit on her mother, Mrs. J. P. Cleveland.

The union service was held on Sunday evening at the Methodist church, the Rev. Fraser Metzger giving the sermon.

Miss Minnie Emerson, daughter of E. F. Emerson, who is a stenographer in Boston, is her for the present visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Humell, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newcity of Windsor, Conn., returned to their home on Sunday. Miss Kilda Newcity will remain for a few days with friends here.

A benefit has been arranged for next Tuesday evening for the family of Fred Howe, who has been seriously ill for several weeks and who now is very low.

The leap year dancing party, held in the mansion house hall on Thursday evening was attended by twenty couple, who enjoyed the evening with Curtis orchestra in attendance.

Mrs. Fannie Howard is very ill with pneumonia and was taken to the sanatorium on Saturday. Mrs. Howard will be remembered as Mr. Thomas' saleslady in the suit department of his store.

A well-attended meeting of the Good Templars lodge was held on Friday night of last week. The election of officers was the principal feature of interest, the old board being with a few exceptions re-elected. Dr. Gould was chosen treasurer.

Mrs. Elmer Bean and Mr. Lewis Bean returned to Barre on Friday. Mrs. Bean will at once break up her home at Barre and will remain with friends at Montpelier and other places for a time. Miss Clara Bean will return to her work in Barre on Sunday.

The funeral of J. E. Newcity was held at the Baptist church on Saturday afternoon, the Rev. W. A. Bradshaw officiating. The Masonic fraternity had the charge of the ceremonies and the burial service of the order was used. One son of Mr. Newcity and two brothers were present, who live in Montgomery, Vt., and they returned on Saturday afternoon to their homes there.

D. K. Goding was here on Saturday, calling upon friends and attending to business in connection with the sale or rental of his place on Randolph avenue. His mother, Madam Snow, who will be so kindly and pleasantly remembered as a former resident, passed away at Malden, Mass., and Mr. Goding brought her remains to Pomfret for burial on Friday, and on Saturday made the trip here, returning on Saturday night to his home in Malden.

Judge Parker Retained.

Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, who was the Democratic candidate for president in 1904, has been retained by the American Federation of Labor as its chief counsel in the case brought against it by the American Manufacturers' association to enjoin the publication of the "unfair list" in the federation's monthly magazine.

"Is the plot of your new drama taken from life?"

"Oh, yes; the hero meets his death in a motor car wreck."—Lustige Blätter.

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AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Isle of Spice."

With fresh scenery, faces, costumes, electrical and stage effects, the "Isle of Spice," R. C. Whitney's piquant musical mixture comes to the opera house next Friday evening, Feb. 28. It is only a mythical "Isle" that is supposed to lie in the sea of Japan, somewhere between Sakhalin and Formosa, but it is always summer there, always merry and fun, and the inhabitants live their lives as do other folk; have their love affairs, their joys, their sorrows, and make their funny little lives. The plot of the play, King Bompoka takes into himself a wife every seven years. Each of these wives, according to a decree of the king and his chief advisers, Lord Kashon, the court treasurer, and his brother, Lord Komor, has to undergo a period of training in the "tomb of silence" for seven years. At the end of this time, she is supposed to know enough to hold her tongue, so she is released and married to the king. Teresa, the hereditary owner of one half of the spice fields in the kingdom, has been educated in America, and while there meets a young officer of the United States marine, Lieutenant Ketchell, and there is a mutual love affair. Upon her return to her native isle, Teresa is selected by the king for his next wife. Teresa, of course, objects strenuously to the "tomb," and to the king. Kashon and Komor insist that Teresa go to the "tomb," in order to conform to the law, and to further their own scheme to place Ashtara, their ally, on the throne. The king endeavors to have the "tomb" law set aside, but is opposed by Kashon and Komor, who are planning to get Teresa put away for seven years so as to get possession of her rich spice fields. This is the condition of affairs when Lieutenant Ketchell lands on the island with a detachment of marines from the United States gunboat, Roosevelt. Ketchell meets Teresa, learns the state of things, and to prevent the marriage places the island under the flag of the United States. Two marines, Mackinaw and O'Grady, are sent up in a balloon for practice; the balloon lands on the island near the king's palace, and the occupants are taken for messengers from the sun. These men are introduced to the king by Kashon as a magician and an astrologer. The king commands the astrologer to produce money for him, and on his failure to do so, they are both sent to the tomb of silence as substitutes for Teresa, and then the king orders preparations for his wedding. The lieutenant trains the men of his warship on the king's palace, Teresa turns over the spice fields to the king, the sailors are released, the king marries the candidate who has been in the "tomb" (Ashtara) and there is a happy understanding for all.

The musical numbers in "The Isle of Spice" have become famous and consist of "The Goo Goo Man," "Peggy Brady," "Silly Sailors," "You and I," the gorgeous transformation line, "The Star of Fate," "The Broomstick Witch," "Uncle Sam's Marines," and others, which are rendered by the great R. C. Whitney American Beauty chorus.

The cast is headed by that famous comedian, Charles A. Pusey, supported by Bert Wainwright, Frank Woods, Jack Leslie, J. A. Armstrong, Louis Comstock, Marie LaDus, Louise Gould, Minerva Chomplins, Belle Tiffin, Margaretta Woods, Edna McCumber, Maud Yale, Anna Heller, Vivian Langston and a host of other well-known artists.

READY TO QUELL RELIGIOUS RIOT.

Rome Is in the Midst of Trouble Over Teaching in Schools.

Rome, Feb. 22.—A lively discussion of which has been going on in the chamber of deputies regarding religious teachings in the primary schools is beginning to excite the people, and it was found necessary yesterday to adopt measures against a possible disturbance of the peace.

Members of the extreme parties decided to make a demonstration before the chamber yesterday, urging the abolition of all religious instruction, and this decided the government to take precautionary steps. Troops are being held in readiness, and the buildings surrounding the Chamber of Deputies are occupied by soldiers.

Plan Million Dollar Hospital.

Albuquerque, N. M., Feb. 22.—This place has been selected as the site of a hospital for the treatment of consumption to be built by the general organization of the Presbyterian church of the United States at a cost of \$1,000,000. This is the third of these sanitariums to be built in this country.

JUGGLED HIS EYE.

The Trick by Which Lord Wolsley Conquered an Arab.

The loss of an eye years ago once stood Lord Wolsley in good stead. It seemed impossible to get any information of the enemy's strength and the forces under the command of Arabi Pasha. At length an Arab was caught near one of the outposts. Naturally expecting that he would be able to give a good deal of information, he was taken before Lord Wolsley, who questioned him. The man, however, refused to speak.

Seeing that it was useless to continue to ply him with questions, the commander in chief resolved to use strategy. "It is no use your refusing to answer me," he said to the man. "I am a wizard, and at a single word I can destroy you and your masters. To prove this to you I will take out my eye, throw it up into the air, catch it and put it back into my head."

Suiting the action to the word, Lord Wolsley removed his glass eye, threw it into the air, caught it and put it back into the empty socket. That demonstration was sufficient to convert the Arab. A man who could do such a miracle was a wizard indeed and was to be propitiated, not angered. He capitulated without further demur, and the information he gave is said to have led to Arabi's defeat.

Moral Idiots.

A good many people still hold the notion that all persons are equally good by nature and might be equally good actually had they but the will to be so. They fail to see that men are born with all degrees of moral capacities and incapacities and some of them wholly lacking in that regard, just as they are born with all degrees of intellectual endowment and some of them with none whatever. A man may be an idiot morally as well as intellectually.—Strand Magazine.

Oh, the Kind Men!

Some men are fond of animals. Their hearts are full of pity. At any rate, some sit up late To fatten up a kitty.

—Philadelphia Press.

Worth Two Men.

"Len made the glee club." "Why, his voice is cracked." "I know, but it split the other night, and he's singing duets now."—Yale Record.

AN ELECTION PRIMER

Pertinent Points About Our Election Machinery For New Voters and Old

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

What is the electoral college?

That is the popular but unofficial designation of the body of men who elect the president and vice president of the United States.

What! Don't the people elect the president?

Well, only indirectly. The people elect the presidential electors, who compose what is known as the electoral college. The constitution of the United States provides that each state shall choose as many electors as there are senators and representatives in congress from the state. Each political party in each state nominates the state's proper quota of candidates for electors. These candidates are placed on the general state ticket, and the set that receives a majority or a plurality of the state vote is elected.

What then?

The presidential electors in each state meet at a designated point in the state on the second Monday in January following the general election and cast their ballots for president and vice president. Three lists are made out, one of which is deposited with the federal judge of the district. The other two are sent to the president of the United States senate, one by mail, one by messenger.

And the next step?

The next and final step takes place in the hall of the house of representatives at Washington on the second Wednesday in February. Both houses assemble, and the presiding officer of the senate opens and counts the state returns and announces the result.

INHERITS ENGLISH TITLE

Tufts College Boy Lord Fauntleroy in Real Life

HE IS HUGHEY LOVERING

Of Lowell, Mass., Ready to Take the Rightful Place as "Lord Gough"—Rich Estate Will Fall to Him.

Boston, Feb. 24.—Hugh Fitzgerald Lovering, 18, living at 46 Marlboro street, Lowell, with his widowed mother, is in reality Lord Hugh Fitzgerald Gough. Soon he is to step from the obscurity and comparatively poverty of his past into international limelight and duplicate with amazing fidelity the story of little Lord Fauntleroy, as told by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The little Lord Fauntleroy of Lowell in 1908—heretofore known to his playmates and his college chums at Tufts as plain Hughey Lovering—is the rightful heir to title and possessions highest in Britain, the vast estates and baronies in England and to great properties at and near Goffstown in the north of Ireland.

All this great property, high position and the accompanying honors are now held and enjoyed by a surper who must, say the London barristers for the estates, step aside in favor of the American born boy, the flesh and blood "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

King Edward himself is declared to be privately informed regarding the just claims of this 18-year-old Massachusetts boy and to have taken great personal interest in the proceedings to come which must place Hughey Lovering, just like his prototype in the charming fiction of Mrs. Burnett, as the real Lord Gough.

A cousin of the young American-born boy is now occupying the estates in Hertfordshire, England. He cannot, however, in light of the present remarkable discovery, assume the proud title unless he can prove that the Lowell boy is not the legal son of Charles Gough Lovering. And that he cannot do, as the Lowell boy's mother is in possession of full and complete legal proofs.

Hugh Gough, born in 1779, was created a viscount with junior titles for his valor in war and brilliant services. Made a field marshal in 1862. He had four daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom, George Stephens Gough, became the second viscount, while Hugh Henry Gough, the second son, and grandnephew of young Lovering, busied himself with the army.

Hugh Henry Gough married and had as issue two sons, both of whom died before he passed away, nearly four years ago.

Of his sister, the eldest, Anne Mary, married a Lovering, a member of the landed gentry, and he became the father of Charles Gough Lovering.

This son thus became the first cousin of the second viscount.

The second viscount had as issue three sons and one daughter, the oldest of the sons, Hugh, succeeding to the title on his father's death, and is now the holder of the title.

After Charles Gough Lovering came to America and married, a son was born to him, Hugh Fitzgerald Lovering, who became the second cousin of the present holder of the English title.

The death of the sons of Hugh Henry Gough without issue before the time of their father's death caused the entail of the courtesy title of Lord Gough of Ireland to pass with his estates to the eldest son of his eldest sister, Charles Gough Lovering, and thus it passes now to young Lovering of Lowell.

The Thief Trackers.

A curious profession among the Bedouins is that of the "thief trackers." Being without paddocks or stables and their animals always more or less at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of "trackers," and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's live stock. There was one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia, was after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Sudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's footprint, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse or camel's trail is unerringly picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.

Arcadian Bliss.

You frequently hear folks say they wish they were millionaires. But our idea of happiness is the one that owns forty acres of land to the hills, doesn't owe a cent, has a wife and seven children, five good coon dogs, a sorrel team of mules, a good shotgun, forty-seven miles from a railroad and right on a good stream of fish. If that would not be happiness "unalloyed" we would like to know where you would go to find it.—ANNVILLE (Pa.) Review.

Cost of Telegraphers' Strike.

The semiannual report of the Telegraphers' union, compiled by Secretary Russell, shows the recent strike cost the membership nearly \$200,000. A total of \$60,505 was paid out in strike benefits by the national office of the union. To this must be added an estimated total of \$100,000 for strike benefits paid out by the various local unions. Of the total for strike benefits paid out by the national office \$24,000 went to the Chicago local.

So She Was.

The prize she took at a baby show, "The cutest child of all." She was her parents' let you know, The belle of all the bawls.

—Boston Globe.

A Popular Book.

She—What would be the most appropriate book to give a bride? He—A book book.—Illustrated News.

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WOMAN'S WORLD

MME. SARAH FORGOT.

The Great Actress a Sender of Remarkable Telegrams.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is the sender of telegrams almost as remarkable as some of the Emperor William's dispatches.

On one occasion the great actress appeared at an entertainment in aid of some pet charity of Queen Alexandra's. The next day her majesty graciously sent signed photographs of herself as a token of her gratitude and pleasure to Mme. Bernhardt and Mme. Janotha.

The great pianist at once acknowledged her courtesy, but Mme. Bernhardt, with characteristic want of thought, took no notice of the queen's gift.

Days and weeks went by, and still she never so much as intimated to her majesty that the photograph had reached her, and at last Mme. Janotha took upon herself to write and inform the queen that she had committed a great breach of the laws of courtesy by her neglect to acknowledge the gift of the queen.

Mme. Sarah, always original, thought of what she should do. The queen's birthday was imminent, so the great tragedienne dispatched to Mme. Janotha the following telegram:

"Will you, my delicious friend, present to her majesty, Queen Alexandra, all my best wishes for her happiness that I form for this blessed day which saw her birth? I have made a toilet of flowers after the portrait of the queen in order to salute this day of her birth. I embrace you tenderly."

SARAH BERNHARDT.

This telegram, forwarded at once by Mme. Janotha to the queen, is now one of her majesty's treasures.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Never stir a cake after final beating. Beating motion should always be last used.

It is said that if a little borax is put in the water it will remove fruit stain from the hands.

It is said that an occasional coat of this varnish will lengthen the life of linoleum or oilcloth and make it easier to keep clean.

The result will be more satisfactory if in cutting this silk or a variety that frays if it is placed between sheets of thin paper and the pattern cut through paper and silk together.

The acid of rhubarb or gooseberries is partially neutralized by the addition of a pinch of baking soda while being cooked. This makes the fruit require less sugar and does not affect the flavor.

Many women do not know that velvet will survive and even be improved by careful washing. Wash the same as flannele, rinse in cold water and dry near the fire with the right side out. Iron on the wrong side or on an extra heavy folded blanket.

A simple cleaning preparation for ivory is half of a lemon dipped in salt. A good cleaning in warm soaps will remove traces of the security. Another method, more complicated, is to rub with a rag dipped in a paste made of sal volatile, prepared chalk and oil. Leave to dry and brush off with a stiff brush.

ECCENTRIC PLANCHE.

Why the Famous Critic's Hands Were Still Shaking After a Bath.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald says that a remark attributed to the late Sully Prudhomme was made originally by the famous and eccentric literary and dramatic critic, Gustave Planche, who died in Paris in September, 1857. For a long time it was thought that he slept in the public streets, and he himself took pleasure in giving credence to this report.

"Where are you lodging?" some one asked him.

"I don't lodge," he replied; "I perch."

"And where?"

"Champs Elysees, third tree to the right."

Another anecdote of Planche is that, being once invited to dine with a celebrated actress, Amnis or Mme. Dorval, he arrived before the company.

"My goodness, Planche," cried the hostess, "what a figure you cut! Go take a bath. I beg. Here is a ticket."

He returned in an hour's time as clean as when he set out. "You unhappy man, you have not taken the bath?"

"By my faith, I have!"

"Look at your hands!"

"Ah, that is because I had a bowl while in the water."